



A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS IN OUR LOVELY NEW STOCK.

Hardly any use proving the existence of the stars or the light. Nor is it needful every day to repeat the principles, practices and magnitude of our business. Coming straight here for what you want is, we believe the shortest road for yourself. The Fall and Winter supplies now rapidly opening in all departments plainly say to everybody, "no steps backward whatever the times are."

GRAND FALL OPENING,
FRIDAY, SEPT. 29.

Miss it and you miss the first sight of some of the prettiest stuff that ever crossed the ocean. Highest of high art in new Dress Goods and Silks. Wonderful loom wit it is that brings out such color blends—glinting, glancing, changing as the light changes. Then there are lacey dentille effects, shifting shod on dances and zig zag jumbles that keep you guessing what new beauty is next to unfold. It's a sight to behold and you are cordially invited.

Assuredly
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

SMELTING RICH ORES.

The Various Processes Employed in Modern Works.

How Gold and Silver are Extracted from Rocky and Ill-Shaped Ores—The Purifying Methods—An Industry Which Delights the Eyes.

(Special Chicago Letter.)
A wet, dreary day; a crowded Chicago depot, whence, at the panting of the over-worked engine, drawing the suburban train, issue, periodical streams of people, most of whom are bound for the races or the fair; a girl in a mackintosh, and a camera.

This is chapter one in the story of a day spent at the smelting works, South Chicago.
After leaving the station at Ninety-second street a brisk walk of nearly a mile, over the big bridge and along the lake shore, brings to view the huge stand, pipe keeping a smoky watch over the many small buildings belonging to the works and foreword looking out over the blue waters of the lake. It reminds one of a grimy old fisherman perpetually on the lookout and consoling himself meanwhile with his whiffs of smoke.

And well may he keep vigilant guard, for many thousands of future dollars, both silver and gold, are being "fried out" beneath his watchful care and coming to the light of day clothed for the first time in unalloyed purity, although they must go on later to Uncle Sam's property, the mint, to receive their eagle crests and crowns of purity.

But here are to be seen the various processes for taking the smelted ores through the preparations necessary to separate them one from another and render them pure metals.
First, the kindly and accommodating manager will take us into the assaying room. Here he shows us the process of cupellation.

Ranged on a table near the wide windows are rows of little cups of cupels, made of white bone ash. They are filled nearly to the top with what appears to be baked earth, and one's thoughts travel quickly backward to the intricacies of mangle making. But on close examination we see a small drop of glistening metal in the sagging center of our mud pie; we notice, too, that the outside of the cup is stained part way down—a yellowish-



THE WORKS FROM THE LAKE.

brown color. These cupels contain the original ore and they have been baked at a high temperature, the porous material of which the cups are composed has absorbed the dirt and foreign substance while the pure metal has melted into the one little drop in the center. These are elaborately trimmed mud pies surely!
Here are assayed the bars of bullion, each weighing 100 pounds, and 400 bars making a car load. Four holes are clipped out of each bar at different points and the disks of bullion are assayed with great care to ascertain the exact amount of pure metal in them. Further on in the den of the chemist for the works—who in this instance is a deaf mute—we are shown the small strips of gold and silver that result. The silver alloy has been eliminated with acid, leaving the gold with only 1-1,000 of impurity in its composition.

After watching with great interest the weighing of a single hair in the very delicate little scales in the glass case, we are ushered out into the windy courtyard, across the switch tracks and up into a handsome region surrounding furnace fires; great stone kettles— they look like—of molten metal, some of which seem like immense vats of blood; others filled with some witches' brew of peroxide of iron in solution, metallized rainbows and condensed soap bubbles, so many and wonderful are the hues that glisten and play on the surface of the liquid mass. Walking down on aisle between these rows of mystic workings we are confronted by another row at right angles with the last, furnaces that seem like an army of monsters trying in vain with strenuous breath to ward off the onslaughts of the biped enemies who ever and anon plunge the long pointers into their red depths; the crimson streams spout forth from the gashes and the panting of the monstrous throbs and swells through the whole place.

Just as we are growing dreamy over our fancies and are making our way with great volition through the interesting and palatial residence of Heelzebub and his cheerful companions, we are suddenly recalled from our Hadesian journey back to Chicago, by the calm statement that "there's nearly half a million dollars now in these furnaces." With the malicious reflection that "after all, fact and fancy weren't so irreconcilably divorced," the visitor looks innocently into the face of her kind guide and gravely remarks:

"It must be a lucrative business."
However, later on, her belief as to the unaimability of fact and fancy receives a severe shock on discovering that the congealed growth of her monstrous strangely resembles coal cinders and is known by the very prosaic name of "slag."
To complete the extermination of the hopes of fancy, she sits down by one of the kettles of "witches' broth" and attempts to manipulate the fact that it contains 35 tons of metal—about \$10,000 worth. The workman are now "sewing it" — running it out into any other vat lower down, the upper row being on a sort of low balcony—where it is turned into iron molds through a siphon and left to cool. As soon as it is in the mold a horse is turned on it and it soon hardens. We are told that when the surface is wrinkled like skin drawn tight it is an indication of good

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Read. It is also a good sign that if possesses its peculiar line shade. It is now ready to ship and will probably every best of its kind. For every purpose appear at some distant day, or evening, as a beautiful of Milady's lily chin and pearly brow.
Next we are introduced into the mystic and the lake shore, brings to view the huge stand, pipe keeping a smoky watch over the many small buildings belonging to the works and foreword looking out over the blue waters of the lake. It reminds one of a grimy old fisherman perpetually on the lookout and consoling himself meanwhile with his whiffs of smoke.



ASSAY FURNACE.

where the zinc is separated from the silver and gold, by distillation, occupying six hours to cook a charge of many hundreds of pounds of metal. From one furnace, we are told, \$50,000 is "fried out" weekly. Oil is used here as fuel, with great success. After a delay in other and various apartments we are shown into the parting-room, where at last only the silver and gold are left to be separated. The mixture is put in with sulphuric acid and boiled. The silver is gotten as a liquor, leaving the gold, which is cleaned and melted down into bars. The silver is now "washed out" by a chemical solution, refined, and goes to the assayers.

When it comes from the solution it is in molds like cement and is called cement silver. It is subjected to pressure to take out all water. In the four rows of molds we see now before us there lie \$54,000.

In this room the floor is of lead, to prevent the bits of precious metal from being absorbed.
All clothing worn by employees is burned when discarded to get the particles of metal out.

Out of this atmosphere reeking with gold, we go, and our conductor remarks:

"You have probably carried gold out with you on your shoes and in your hair."

"Golden hair, indeed!" is the laughing reply, as we ascend a dark stairway and emerge into a long, low-ceiled room where many wide windows overlook the tossing waters of the lake.

"Oh, how beautiful!" is the exclamation from all. And surely it is crystallized chunks of a night sky that we see. Great stacks and heaps of that wonderful blue crystal copper vitrol, playing a game of catch-as-catch-can with the winter sunbeams, are scattered everywhere. In long tanks by the windows, too, are suspended bands of copper immersed in the fluid from which they gather their beautiful incrustations.

After another journey across the courtyard to the blasting furnace



SKIMMING SILVER FROM LEAD.

where all refuse is cleaned up and assayed, and a hurried tour all over it, a brisk walk down the lake shore again, and the wonders of that training school for embryonic dollars becomes only a memory.

LIJIAN C. PASCHAL.

Circumstances After Cases.
"I don't think it's very good advice to give a boy to count twenty before he gets mad and hits another boy for hitting him," said Almer. "I tried it today at school when Willie Anderson hit me, and before I got to three he'd hit me again. Then I began all over again, and just as I got to six he gave me another under the ear."
"You should count by tens, my boy," said Almer's father—Harper's Bazar.

Just Think of It!
Young Housekeeper—I told Bridget that we'd have some eggs for breakfast, and what do you think? I went out in the kitchen and found her cooking them with chestnut coal.
Husband—Well, there was nothing wrong about that, was there?
Young Housekeeper—Why, you silly fellow! I'd like to know what we've got egg coal in the cellar for?—Judge.

Spotted Pleasure.
Perhaps you've met a fellow whom you thought of pretty well.
When you had a brand-new story which you fairly scolded to tell.
So you'd go him in a corner or against an apple tree.
And begin with popgun question to relate your little tale.
While he listened, all attention, with the soul of a saint.
Showing faintly on his interested countenance the while.
And you tried to be dramatic and to interest your friend.
While he listened most intently till you almost reached the end.
"Till you'd nearly reached the climax where the listener should roar."
Then he'd say: "It ends just this way—I've heard that yarn before!"
—Indianapolis Journal.

WE ARE READY. ARE YOU READY?

Our fall purchases are about all received and we are ready for the rush. Our stock is so complete that we are almost tempted to offer a premium to the customer who can call for anything in Clothing, Furnishings, Hats, Boots, or Shoes, that is not to be found in our store. And the completeness of our stock is only half the story. Never in our history have we owned merchandise at such prices. Lightning Prices and Red Letter prices become only every day, regular prices with us.

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THIS SEASON.
J. H. ANDERSON & CO.
In our new store, corner Main and Tenth streets.

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If you want anything in the Jewelry line call and see his stock, or write him what you want—Mail orders will receive special attention.

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ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.

Sir George Tryon's Successor Comes from a Family of Naval Heroes.

Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, who succeeds the late Admiral Tryon as commander in chief of the Mediterranean fleet, comes of a family which has given three admirals to the British navy since 1832. Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, the grandfather of the present baronet, was a most distinguished officer, who took part in several brilliant naval actions against the French at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. In Lord Howe's famous victory of June 1, 1794, when "the French admiral, engaged by the Queen Charlotte, crowded off and was followed by most of his ships in the van, leaving behind ten or twelve of his crippled or totally disabled ships, exclusive of one sunk in the engagement," Lieut. Seymour, as he then was, was wounded and lost his arm. He was on board the Medea when the captain of that ship engaged the French frigate, of which he captured. While in command of the Spitfire Capt. Seymour captured six frigates and a transport belonging to France. He was on board the Amethyst when Lord Gambier engaged the French frigate La Thetis, and after a desperate engagement, in which both vessels suffered severely, captured that vessel. Capt. Seymour received the honor of knighthood for his services from King George III., together with a gold medal, and after his capture of Le Niemen, another French frigate, he was created a baronet. After a further brilliant record of service the late Sir Michael Seymour became an admiral, and died at Rio Janeiro in 1834 while commander in chief of the South American station.



SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR.

The present baronet was born in 1836. He was educated at Harrow and entered the royal navy in 1852. He first saw active service in the Borneo war of 1853. Sir Michael sailed with the expedition to the Baltic at the beginning of the Russian war, and after being appointed first lieutenant during the war with China, and took part in the capture of Canton and the principal actions of that war. After holding three years the appointment of secretary to the first lord of the admiralty, this gallant officer became, from 1885 to 1887, commander in chief on the Pacific coast, and subsequently, from May, 1890, to May, 1892, senior officer in command of the channel squadron. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1880 on the death of his father. He became rear admiral in 1889, vice admiral in 1892 and was being appointed to succeed Sir George Tryon was made an admiral.

HITS AND MISSES.

Giving advice is very cheap charity. Poverty and love are a mismatched pair.

A snore always pinches where it is the tightest.

There's more you borrow the fewer friends you have.

When a man is dead he don't care what you say about him.

There is lots of law in this country, but not a surplus of justice. It is always hard work to find a rich man responsible for anything.

Ladies Only.

DR. DU MONT'S FEMALE REGULATING PILLS are always safe and reliable. 12500 (reliable) from all over the world. Beware of dangerous substitutes and imitations. Price 25c per package. Sent by mail securely packed from observation. Address, Dr. H. DuMont, 41 So. Market St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

PA N T I C

In our very midst, not in financial circles but in prices. STOCK don't count for much now. We must have "CASH" and in order to get it we will sell at lower figures than ever quoted here before. We will "DISCOUNT"

A Yost & Co No. 18, 10th street